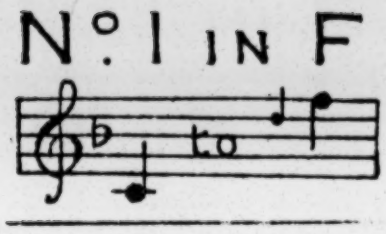

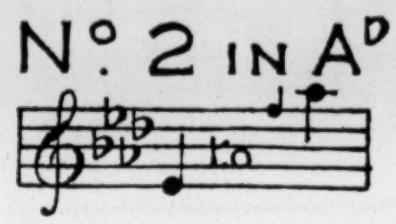

—SUNG BY—

MR. PAUL ALTHOUSE

THE ENCHANTED GLADE

SONG

THE WORDS BY

G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE

The Music by

LÖIS BARKER.

PRICE 60 CENTS. (NET)

BOOSEY & Co.

NEW YORK - TORONTO - LONDON (ENG.)

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OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS
BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in E♭ No. 2 in F No. 3 in A♭

IF I CALLED YOU BACK SOMEDAY

Words by EDWARD LOCKTON. Music by FRANCIS DOREL.

Moderato espressivo

Should I your heart be guard - - - ing As in the mag - ic past, No more to sev - er,

mine, mine for ev - er, Would you come back at last? O love, would you come back at last, Come

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No. 1 in E No. 2 in F No. 3 in G

THE HARBOUR OF DREAMS

Words by WILLIAM F. KIRK. Music by GUSTAVE FERRARI.

Waltz Tempo

Safe in the Harbour of Dreams, dear heart, There may we love as of yore, There may the bliss of a

long vanish'd kiss— Bring the old rapture once more! — Far o'er life's sea you have drifted from me Yet the Lighthouse of Hope bravely gleams

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No. 1 in F No. 2 in A♭ No. 3 in B♭

MACUSHLA

Words by JOSEPHINE V. ROWE. Sung by Mr. John McCormack. Music by DERMOT MACMURROUGH.

Andante calmato con tenerezza.

Ma-cushla! Macushla! your sweet voice is call-ing, Call-ing me soft-ly a-gain and again. Ma-cush-la! Macush-la! I hear its dear pleading, My

blue-eyed Macushla, I hear it in vain. Ma-cush-la! Macush-la! your white arms are reaching, I feel them en-

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Music
Grafton Cook Gift
3/15/88

THE ENCHANTED GLADE.

NIGHT—and a wooing bird,
Night—and the echoes' call,
The sound of a whisper'd word,
And a hush more sweet than all.

O, could the star-beams stay,
Could the fair night last for aye,
Could the sweet love-dream ne'er fade
In the dim enchanted glade;
O, might the moon ne'er pale,
And the wondrous charm ne'er fail,
Here, from the world apart,
Heart to beating heart!

Night—and a sigh most sweet,
Night—and a wood-bird's call,
Two hearts with a passionate beat,
And a hush more sweet than all.

G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.

THE ENCHANTED GLADE.

Words by
G. HUBI–NEWCOMBE.

Music by
LÖIS BARKER.

Moderato lento.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

p

Lento.

Night, and a woo - ing bird,___ Night, and the ech - oes'

call,___ The sound of a whis - per'd word, And a

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pp rall.

hush more sweet than all.

colla voce.

Piú mosso.

O, could the star - beams stay, The

rall.

Ped. ✻

con espress.

fair night last for aye, The sweet love dream ne'er

colla voce.

Ped. ✻

fade In the en-chant - ed glade;

Ped.

f accel. *ff* *ten.*

O, might the moon ne'er pale, And the won - d'rous charm ne'er

f accel. *ff* *colla voce.*

Ped. ✻

rall.

fail, Here, from the world a - part,

Ped. Ped. Ped. ✻

p rall. **Tempo I.**

Heart to beat - ing heart! Night, and a sigh most

p rall. **Tempo I.**

sweet, Night, and a wood - bird's call, Two

f *dim.* *p*

hearts with a pas-sion-ate beat, And a hush more sweet than

pp accel. *

all. Ah! Two

pp accel.

ff molto rall.

Ah! Two hearts with a pas-sion-ate

molto rall.

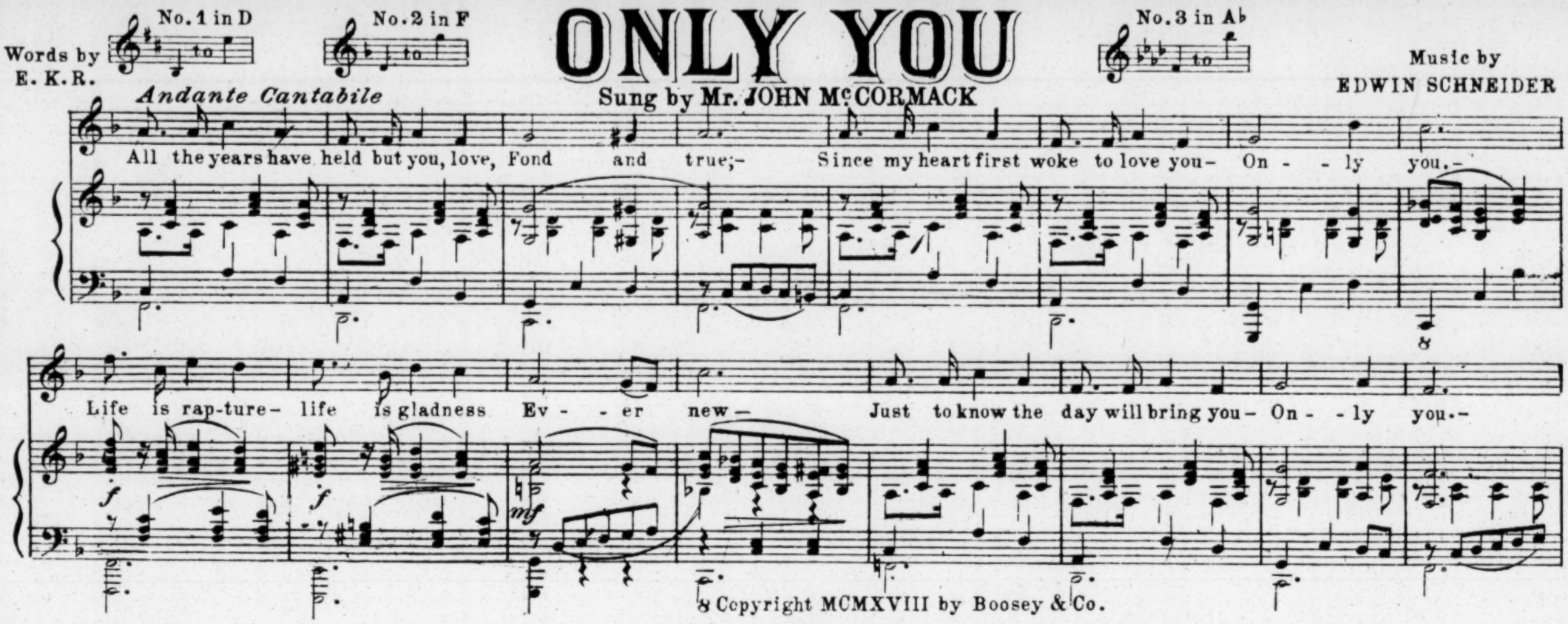
pp *dim.* *rall.* *pp*

beat, And a hush more sweet than all.

dim. *rall.*

*These four bars may be omitted if desired.

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS
BY EMINENT COMPOSERS


No. 1 in D
No. 2 in F
No. 3 in A♭
ONLY YOU
Sung by Mr. JOHN McCORMACK
Words by E. K. R.
Music by EDWIN SCHNEIDER
Andante Cantabile
All the years have held but you, love, Fond and true;- Since my heart first woke to love you- On - - ly you.-
Life is rap-ture- life is gladness Ev - - er new- Just to know the day will bring you- On - - ly you.-
f
f
mf
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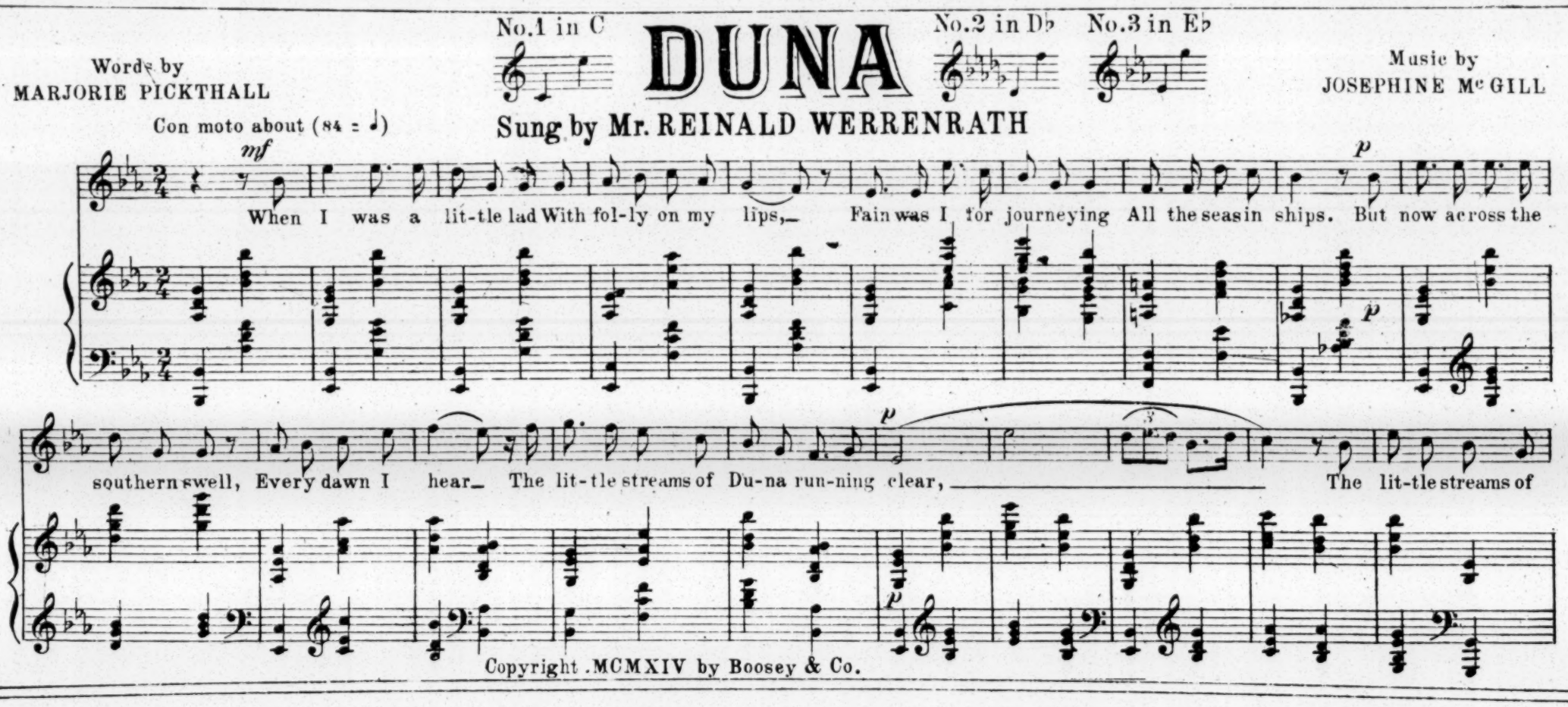
No. 1 in C
No. 2 in D♭
No. 3 in E♭
DUNA
Sung by Mr. REINALD WERRENRATH
Words by MARJORIE PICKTHALL
Music by JOSEPHINE McGILL
Con moto about (84 = ♩)
mf
When I was a lit-tle lad With fol-ly on my lips,- Fain was I for journeying All the seas in ships. But now across the
p
p
p
southern swell, Every dawn I hear- The lit-tle streams of Du-na run-ning clear, - The lit-tle streams of
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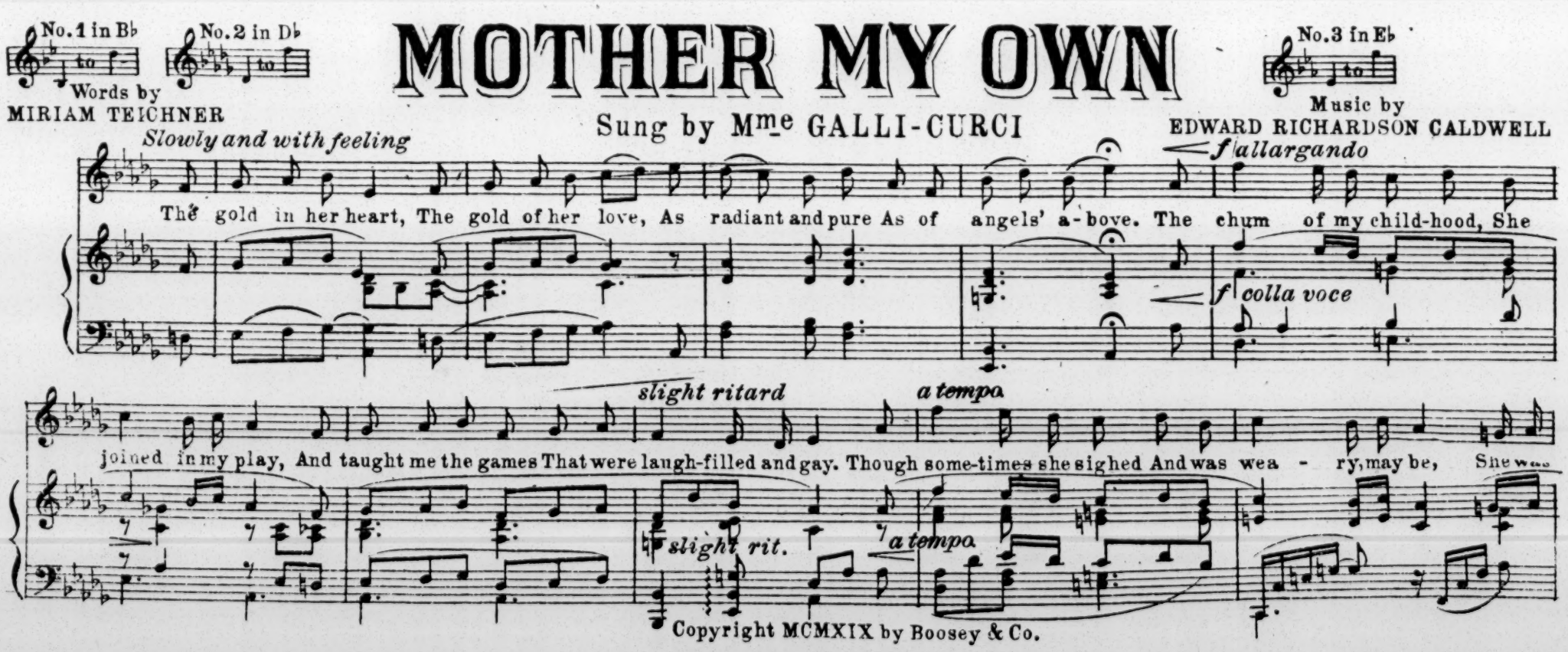
No. 1 in B♭
No. 2 in D♭
No. 3 in E♭
MOTHER MY OWN
Sung by Mme GALLI-CURCI
Words by MIRIAM TEICHNER
Music by EDWARD RICHARDSON CALDWELL
Slowly and with feeling
The gold in her heart, The gold of her love, As radiant and pure As of angels' a-bove. The chum of my child-hood, She
f allargando
f colla voce
slight ritard
a tempo
joined in my play, And taught me the games That were laugh-filled and gay. Though some-times she sighed And was wea - ry, may be, She was
slight rit.
a tempo
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